

T H E

Spinning Wheel.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came ;
 But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd her fingers long and small ;
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,
 But still she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

Then round about her slender waist,
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel,
 But yet she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise ;
 He bless'd her neck, her lips, her eyes ;
 Her fondness she cou'd scarce conceal,
 Yet still she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

'Til, bolder grown, so close he press'd ;
 His wanton thoughts she quickly guess'd ;
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his bride ;
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,
 And flung away her Spinning Wheel.